

PS

3525

A172M4

1919

**MERCHANTS**  
*of the*  
**MORNING**  
**SAMUEL McCOY**



Class \_\_\_\_\_

Book \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright N<sup>o</sup>. \_\_\_\_\_

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**















# MERCHANTS OF THE MORNING

---

SAMUEL McCOY



# MERCHANTS OF THE MORNING

BY  
SAMUEL McCOY



NEW YORK  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

*Copyright, 1919,  
By George H. Doran Company*

*Printed in the United States of America*

© 530811

SEP 12 1919

To the publishers of the various periodicals and journals in which these poems first appeared: *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *Harper's*, *McClure's*, *Contemporary Verse*, *The Masses*, *Metropolitan*, *Poetry*, *Ainslee's*, *The North American Review*, *The Bookman*, and others, grateful acknowledgment of their permission to reprint under new copyright is here made.



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE OLD TAVERN . . . . .	13
BRIDAL SONG . . . . .	16
VOYAGEURS' SONG . . . . .	18
THE ARGONAUTS . . . . .	20
OUR WORD . . . . .	22
AN OLD MOTHER . . . . .	23
AN OLD MINISTER . . . . .	24
THE BRIGHT DAY . . . . .	25
SEAMAN'S KNELL . . . . .	28
THE FLEET . . . . .	29
DIRGE: FOR A DEAD ADMIRAL . . . . .	35
THE GARDENER OF THE SEA . . . . .	38
THE OFF-SHORE WIND . . . . .	41
AIR CURRENTS . . . . .	43
THE HOBBY-HORSE . . . . .	44
THOMPSON STREET . . . . .	47
THE MOTHER . . . . .	49
THE BONDWOMAN . . . . .	50

	PAGE
FLOWER-GIRL . . . . .	52
NURSERY JINGLE . . . . .	54
INDEPENDENCE HALL: 1915 . . . . .	56
DREAMERS . . . . .	58
THE DRUM . . . . .	59
EASTER, 1917 . . . . .	62
VICTORY? . . . . .	64
TO-MORROW'S WAR . . . . .	66
THE HOLY WAR . . . . .	68
SARRÁN . . . . .	72
REVEILLÉ . . . . .	74



## MERCHANTS OF THE MORNING



# MERCHANTS OF THE MORNING

## THE OLD TAVERN

To the oldest inn they knew of  
The rogue made the townsmen lead him;  
Down he sat and bade his crew of  
Gentlemen adventurers heed him:—  
“This,” he said, “is that old Tavern  
Where that olden Poet led me;  
Here, in this oak-ribbèd cavern,  
Here, on golden songs he fed me!”

And the townsmen, gaping, winking,  
And his men, their spurred heels clinking,  
Laughed, each one within him thinking,  
“*Songs* are no one’s eating, drinking!”

But the rogue, whose heart was hidden  
Underneath his iron vesture,  
Drove them out, so that forbidden  
Were they, by his kingly gesture.

THE OLD TAVERN (*Continued*)

"This," he mused, "is that old Tavern  
Where that olden Poet led me;  
Here, in this oak-ribbèd cavern,  
Here, on his own songs he fed me!"

And the shadows, now retreating,  
Now advancing, seemed repeating  
To themselves in whispers fleeting,  
"Songs *are* this man's drinking, eating!"

And the children, shyly coming  
To him where he sat at table,  
Climbed his mail-clad knees, and humming  
Those songs, begged of him their fable.  
"Ah," he smiled, "though sorely troubled,  
Here he drank of that rich, ruddy  
Wine that from his own heart bubbled,  
So his very lip seemed bloody!"

Then the shadows fled to dusty  
Corners of that chamber musty,  
As they used when life was lusty,  
And his throat was not so rusty!

"Inn," he said, "thou shalt outlast me  
Year on year, while youth and maiden

THE OLD TAVERN (*Continued*)

One by one go singing past thee,  
For with memories art thou laden;  
Stand thou then, thou ancient Tavern,  
Where thy olden Captain led me;  
Stand, thou dark, oak-ribbèd cavern  
Where on golden songs he fed me!"

Therefore that kind roof, upholden  
By the mellowed timbers olden,  
Like shy hearts good wines embolden,  
Shall hear newer songs and golden!

## BRIDAL SONG

IN a dark garden of the West,  
Where the rich robing of the slumb'rous summer  
Cast shadow, splendid shadow, on the garden's  
    breast,  
(For the bright moon was late, a tardy comer)  
In the soft shadow of the night of dreams,  
He walked with one who bore within her hands  
The gift of princes of the Orient lands,  
A woven spendour, woven without seams,  
A living garment, fashioned out of fire,  
A garment lit with soft and slumb'rous fire,  
Bright burning with its passion unconfessed,  
Which he had given her in mastery;  
For this was that proud garment of the breast,  
Fashioned from all his worship of the best,  
Fashioned from many a night of sleepless misery,  
From many a day of splendid ecstasy,  
From his dear father's name,  
From his mother's holy flame,  
From all his heritage of manliness;  
(And who shall name the greater or the less

BRIDAL SONG (*Continued*)

Among the fires within that magic dress?)  
And this she bore within her happy hands;  
And the bright globe,  
The moon, that rises tardy over garden lands,  
Arose at last and saw the glimmering robe,  
Shimmering with secret fire within her happy  
hands.

At last he folded her upon his breast,  
Wore her like a warm jewel on his breast,  
Bore her, the purest and the best,  
Like a bright jewel, breathing on his breast;  
And when the night was holy  
And odorous breezes lowly  
Whispered among the leaves,  
And the bright moon rose higher,  
Dropping its heavenly fire  
Where the dark water weaves  
Its answering glory,  
He told her all his worship unconfessed;  
All the proud, piteous story  
Of the soft fire within the breast,  
And she, like a warm jewel breathing,  
Feeling his passion wreathing  
Its piteous, proud splendour round her breast,  
Listened, and was at rest.

## VOYAGEURS' SONG

*But what was before us we know not,  
And we know not what shall succeed.*  
—Matthew Arnold.

DRIFT, brothers, drift!  
Down the long shallow reaches floating, floating!  
Our voices lift  
Songs of another home, another year.  
O hark! the hidden singer answers clear—  
The thrush pours out his golden-timbred throat-  
ing!

Fast, brothers, fast,  
Down the swift rapids our canoes are flying, fly-  
ing!  
The bend is passed,  
Where long-leaved willows rest upon the stream  
And hide the eddy with its breast agleam,  
And last the River, in his broad strength lying!



VOYAGEURS' SONG (*Continued*)

Soon sets the sun;  
From the dark ripples fast the light is flowing,  
    flowing!  
See, one by one,  
Bright in the swirling flood, the stars gleam  
    out;  
Now friendly voices raise their answering  
    shout;  
See, on the farther shore, the camp-fire glowing!

## THE ARGONAUTS

O SING to us of home!  
Of true and simple things!  
Till hearts no longer roam,  
But fold their wild, wild wings!  
For wanderers are we  
Upon the wide-stretched earth—  
Strange was the farther sea  
And finer was its mirth!  
We set our hopeful sails,  
We voyaged through the years:  
Say, now the sunset pales,  
Found we more mirth than tears?  
What argosies aflame  
We launched to unknown coasts!  
Say, won they not the same,  
Who smiled to hear our boasts?  
Let us go back! to those  
Who wiselier kept the old:  
Their steadier star arose  
Above their own hearth's gold!

THE ARGONAUTS (*Continued*)

O sing to us of home,  
And true and simple things!  
No longer would we roam,  
But fold our tired wings!

## OUR WORD

THERE is a word in your loved native tongue,  
Closer and dearer and than all more sweet,  
Which wanderers in their wistful dreams repeat:  
Name of the happy house which love has hung  
With all high gentlenesses; where has clung  
Truth; honour; quiet joys; warm charity;  
That fireside sprite, frank hospitality;  
Place where our best-loved songs are sung;  
Where world-bewildered children find the warm  
Enfolding refuge of their mother's breast  
And take the blessing of the hallowed tome;  
Walled garden; harbour sheltered from all storm;  
Safe sanctuary; by the world's unrest  
Inviolate; the love-locked haven—"Home!"

AN OLD MOTHER

DEAR mother, standing as a much-loved queen,  
Leaving her throne to rest a while, might stand,  
At the low lintel of your kitchen door . . .

Let me be laureate in your loved demesne,  
The singer of your peaceful, wondrous land:  
For no land has deserved men's worship more.

Tired eyes, tired hands, worn body, worn for  
mine!

Your white hair, mother, makes your only crown,  
And calico, work-stained, your common dress . . .

But O, upon your face what peace divine!  
What jollity that will not be cast down,  
And love that covereth all with loveliness!

## AN OLD MINISTER

*“ . . . for the prize of the high calling of God ”*

IN hours when I review that one dear life,  
The life of that one man whom most I owe,  
And ponder whether rich or vain his strife,  
His toil repaid with bitter wage or no;  
If piteous harvest before winter snow;  
His head unlaurelled though his long race run;  
By no strong son led where still waters flow;  
Day hardly softened, though it be near done,—

I cry in pity; yet the westering sun,  
With glory not of earth, lights up his face,  
And *Heaven* hallows him, as who has won  
His earthly fight; far beyond power to trace  
My helpless love; and peace rests in his eyes,  
And God's high calling is his matchless prize.

## THE BRIGHT DAY

*It is vain for you to rise up early,  
To sit up late,  
To eat the bread of sorrows:  
For so he giveth his beloved sleep.*  
—Psalm cxxvii.

AFTER a little space,  
Mary, his dearest daughter, covered up his face  
And stayed her tears.  
For her own task it was, she knew, to face the  
years,  
And live life through as he had always led—  
The life whose every thread  
Made part of the plain cloak called Sacrifice;  
A coat without device,  
But one which many, many hearts have blessed  
For its warm love, and pressed  
Its rough folds to their lips and wept.  
For she remembered how her hand he kept  
Within his own, and with her walked afield  
And watched the sunset its last glory yield.  
All this came back to her:  
All little things that were;

THE BRIGHT DAY (*Continued*)

And every dear remembrance on her heart  
Laid its rich sorrow and its mortal smart,  
Too exquisite bereavement to be borne.

Yet, after the long night, the austere morn,  
Smiling upon her, said with gentleness:—

I am the living, and I am no less  
The dead. *For they have entered into me:*  
To-day, not yesterday, is their eternity.  
Your past must die with him you loved so much;  
He is a part of me; and you must touch  
My hand with the warm love of a young child.  
For I, the living world, am reconciled  
To God's unpitying plan; and all my hours,  
My tasks, my needs imperative, and my bright  
    flowers,  
Are fashioned from the souls of those who wor-  
    ship God.  
Nothing God made is underneath the sod!  
I am To-day, my daughter, and I need your love!  
Look up above—  
The sky is leaden, and the cheerless rain  
Makes its own misery and pain;



THE BRIGHT DAY (*Continued*)

But you and I can only bear to hear,  
Deep in our hearts, the joyous, clear,  
Brave music of the soul that sings  
Of coming day and living things!

## SEAMAN'S KNELL

WHERE the Atlantic runneth free,  
Where the Sea hath sovereignty,  
Where the Sun's unsheathèd glaive  
Hath answer from the flashing wave,  
    There thou sinkest,  
    There thou drinkest  
    Of the draught from which thou shrinkest,  
    There thou sinkest,  
    And the deeps go over thee.

Thing, where sea-things feed and die,  
Canst thou turn thy sightless eye  
Upward? through the cold, cold sea,  
Know what deeps go over thee?  
    Thou art older,  
    Thou art colder,  
    Than the wave that weights thy shoulder,  
    Naught can moulder  
    In the grave where thou dost lie!

## THE FLEET

OFF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA

*"Seeing honour is our lives' ambition, and our ambition after death to have an honourable memory of our life."—Captain John Smith.*

IN the darkness before dawn  
I awoke from out my sleep,  
Where I slept upon the land,  
And I knew that sleep was gone;  
For I heard the restless deep  
Run swift along the sand,  
Ebb, and return once more;  
And I felt the cool, soft breeze  
Blowing upon my face  
And I rose and sought the shore,  
Where the recurrent seas,  
Like horses, ran their race;  
The grey robes of the fog  
Heaved with the heaving swells,  
And darkness lay around;  
But I heard some old sea-dog,

THE FLEET (*Continued*)

Close in-shore, call, "Six bells!"  
And I heard the muffled sound  
Of oars, and, farther out,  
A rattling anchor chain  
And the wash against some hulk,  
And, fainter still, a shout . . .  
And the Fleet slept again.

But a grey, shadowy bulk,  
A phantom from the wrack,  
Which broke to let it through,  
Took sudden shape and came  
Upon the ground-swell's back  
Straight toward me, and I knew,  
Like a familiar name,  
The pinnacle! English-built,  
Three hundred years ago,  
Her banked oars rose and dipped  
(To an ancient, deep-sea lilt)  
As a boat-crew *used* to row!  
And like one the oars were shipped  
As they ran her on the beach;  
And I saw the leathern skin  
And the earrings and the queues  
Of the tars who manned her—each

THE FLEET (*Continued*)

Hailing me as of their kin;  
 And I knew what mighty cruise  
 These rough mates were landing from;  
 And my blood rushed to my cheek  
 And I blessed them on my knees;  
 As a soldier at the drum  
 Thrills, I thrilled at sight of these  
 And I wept, and could not speak!

*Do you ask me whence they came?  
 And American you too?  
 They the men of Sunken Fleets,  
 Men that swept the seas like flame,  
 English-brave and English-true!  
 From the cliffs where Cornwall meets  
 The Atlantic's endless foam,  
 From the old sea-towns of Devon  
 And the shifting sands of Dee,  
 Where the petrel has her home,  
 And the storm cloud splits with levin,  
 Came these bullies of the sea!*

And they passed me close at hand,  
 And their captains, whom at first  
 Had been hidden from my view,

THE FLEET (*Continued*)

Paced along the wet sea-sand  
Arm in arm, with many a burst  
Of laughter which the salt breeze blew  
Toward me, from their bearded throats.  
(Never more shall be such gain  
As I count this, to have seen  
All the captains of the boats  
First to dare the unmapped main  
And court danger like a queen!)

*Do you ask me who they were?  
And American you too?  
These were they who laughed at death  
And laid their lives for her,  
Greatest England ever knew,  
Maiden queen, Elizabeth!  
And they named the land they found  
For the virgin queen, good Bess,  
Great Virginia, the proud!  
Slight indeed or risk or wound  
For such lands and loveliness!*

First of all among the train,  
Named like a trumpet-call to charge,  
Was Sir Walter Raleigh, knight,

THE FLEET (*Continued*)

"Shepherd of the ocean plain,"  
First to crave the sandy marge  
Of Virginia, first whose sight  
Foretold the great state to be;  
And his fine hands rested on  
Two friends' shoulders—two whose deeds  
Shall be sung unceasingly:  
Drake, who struck th' Armada down!  
Grenville, whose great sea-fight leads  
All the fights on sea or shore!  
These the three great admirals  
(Laughing like three clear-eyed boys)  
Who shall live forevermore!  
On whose names the sailor calls  
In the gale or battle-noise!

And there passed among the van  
Old Sir Thomas Gates, the dam  
Of the foundling colony;  
Sir George Somers—gentleman,  
Who was on the shore a lamb,  
But a lion on the sea;  
Robert Hunt, the old sea-saint;  
Tanned with each sea wind that blows,  
Mate Bartholomew Gosnold—

THE FLEET (*Continued*)

Sailormen without a taint,  
Better held as *friends* than foes—  
God gave them the sea to hold!

Last of all th' Atlantic's brood,  
Came from out the sea-fog's pall,  
Voyager and fighting-man,  
Captain John Smith, plain and rude;  
Last and greatest of them all—  
First and true American!

So, before the fog had fled  
At the dawn, they passed from sight  
And their bold staves died away,  
But still rang within my head  
Each adventure and sea fight  
That shall *never* pass away!  
"Be of good cheer," one had said  
As he bade his men good-bye,  
"Heaven's as near by sea as land!"

And the old fire is not dead,  
And the brave shall never die,  
While the land they found shall stand!



DIRGE: FOR A DEAD ADMIRAL

WHAT woman but would be  
Rid of thy mastery,  
Thou bully of the sea?

No more the grey sea's breast  
Need answer thy behest;  
No more thy sullen gun  
Shall greet the risen sun,  
Where the great dreadnaughts ride  
The breast of thy cold bride;  
Thou hast fulfilled thy fate:  
Need trade no more with hate!

Nay, but I celebrate  
Thy long-to-be lorn mate,  
Thy mistress and her state,  
Thy lady sea's lorn state.  
She hath her empery  
Not only over thee

DIRGE: FOR A DEAD ADMIRAL (*Continued*)

But o'er *our* misery,—  
Hark, doth she mourn for thee?

Nay, what hath she of grief?  
She knoweth not the leaf  
That on her bosom falls,  
Thou last of admirals!

Under the winter moon  
She singeth that fierce tune,  
Her immemorial rune;  
Knoweth not, late or soon,  
Careth not  
Any jot  
For her withholden boon  
To all thy spirit's pleas  
For infinite surcease!

If, on this winter night,  
O thou great admiral  
That in thy sombre pall  
Liest upon the land,  
Thy soul should take his flight  
And leave the frozen sand  
And yearn above the surge,

DIRGE: FOR A DEAD ADMIRAL (*Continued*)

Think'st thou that any dirge,  
Grief inarticulate  
From thy bereavèd mate,  
Would answer to thy soul  
Where the waste waters roll?

Nay, thou hast need of none!  
Thy long love-watch is done!  
Go, weary lover, pass  
To that bright gulf of glass  
Where thou shalt ever be  
Fain of an *endless* sea!

## THE GARDENER OF THE SEA

## I

Do you remember that long-vanished night,  
Master, upon the lake of Galilee,  
When the rude, boist'rous waves did sore affright  
Matthieu and Marc and stronger men than me?  
Then, in the fourth watch, when all hope was  
gone,  
A radiance and a quiet 'round them grew,  
And, like a gardener on some still, smooth lawn,  
A Spirit walked the waves—ah, Lord, 'twas you!  
And some there were who cried out at that wraith  
(That seemed) that trod the murderous sea,  
But Peter (who am I) said in his faith:  
"Lord, if it be thou, bid me come to thee!"  
Yea, of that Garden, to keep watch and ward,  
Make me your under-gardener, O Lord!

THE GARDENER OF THE SEA (*Continued*)

II

As a bird (flying  
While night comes on  
And the light, dying,  
Foretells no dawn)

Wearily searches,  
Haven to find,  
Seeks, never perches,  
Through terror blind:

So, over surges  
Of all despair,  
My soul He scourges  
Till I grasp prayer.

III

At evening, when the sky's rich tapestries  
Of Tyrian blue grow thick with golden globes,  
The Gardener of the Sea with heavenly shoon  
Walks to and fro within its several bounds,  
As one with sandals wet by twilight dews  
Might move in quiet in his garden paths.

THE GARDENER OF THE SEA (*Continued*)

Unquiet Garden! that with lifeless life  
Doth crawl and lick the Gardener's piercèd feet!  
Forever sterile, though forever sown  
With seed of ships and stars and crumbling lands;  
Forever sterile, yet forever bright  
With the white flashing bloom of breaking seas;  
Aceldama of nations, that entombs  
The nameless legions of antiquity;  
Only the Gardener dare furrow thee,  
Thou field as restless as a caged beast,  
And thee He plougheth with His four great winds,  
And harrows thee with whirlpool and with storm.  
Evening, with silver-studded blue arras  
Arching above this cloister, and the house  
Of night enclose the Garden's heaving floor;  
A million stars are drownèd, not too deep  
To ride and flash like silver lanterns, there;  
And the night breeze sweeps cool, and yet more  
cool  
Across the Garden and its dark, swift hills,  
And lo! upon the moving waters' face,  
The Gardener walking, veiled in majesty!

## THE OFF-SHORE WIND

THE skies are sown with stars to-night,  
The sea is sown with light,  
The hollows of the heaving floor  
Gleam deep with light once more,  
The racing ebb-tide flashes past  
And seeks the vacant vast,  
A wind steals from a world asleep  
And walks the restless deep.

It walks the deep in ecstasy,  
It lives! and loves to free  
Its spirit to the silent night,  
And breathes deep in delight;  
Above the sea that knows no coast,  
Beneath the starry host,  
The wind walks like the souls of men  
Who walk with God again.

The souls of men who walk with God!  
With faith's firm sandals shod,  
A lambent passion, body-free,

THE OFF-SHORE WIND (*Continued*)

Fain for eternity!  
O spirit born of human sighs,  
Set loose 'twixt sea and skies,  
Be thou an Angel of mankind,  
Thou night-unfettered wind!

Bear thou the dreams of weary earth,  
Bear thou To-morrow's birth;  
Take all our longings up to Him  
Until His stars grow dim;  
'A moving anchorage of prayer,  
Thou cool and healing air,  
Heading off-shore till shoreless dawn  
Breaks fair and night is gone.



## AIR CURRENTS

FAR overhead, in untried air,  
A lonely eagle sails,  
And, soaring effortless, like prayer—  
Which only thus avails—  
He is borne up, without one stroke  
Of his great wings; and little folk,  
Who only know earth's little things  
And cannot understand what force  
Lifts him unerring on his course,  
Sigh for the secret of his wings.

## THE HOBBY-HORSE

THIS is the Christmas toy  
You gave your little boy?  
A hobby horse, all bright  
With harness red and white;  
Already it is lame,  
Worn out by many a game  
Of riding up and down  
The streets of Nursery Town;  
The bridle reins are torn  
And both its ears are shorn . . .

Fast sleeping in his bed,  
His master's curly head  
Dreams of to-morrow's rides:  
In dreams he still bestrides  
A charger black as night,  
Famoused from many a fight!  
He is Chief Golden Hair,  
Custer the debonair;  
In dreams he leads his men  
Against the Sioux again;

THE HOBBY-HORSE (*Continued*)

Ringed 'round by painted braves,  
His whole command he saves!

Or, smiling in his sleep,  
He feels his charger leap  
Against the Paynim spears,  
And in his drowsy ears  
He hears the battle calls  
That rang at Roncesvalles . . .

With Winchester a score  
Of miles away, the roar  
Of cannon tells him then  
He must lead on his men  
And take his thund'rous track  
To turn the stragglers back!

Or, mightiest of dreams,  
For a world's peace he seems  
To lead the meek to arms!

Thus, cradled from all harms,  
'A smiling Lion-Heart,  
He takes a hero's part  
And rides his magic horse  
Through all the ages' course . . .

THE HOBBY-HORSE (*Continued*)

Ah, little curly head,  
 Safe in your drowsy bed,  
*Those* battles are all done,  
 Yours yet to come, small son!

So we sit musing here  
 And strive to see made clear  
 What hobby you shall mount  
 In years you yet must count;  
 What hopes forlorn you'll lead;  
 What brave rides, on what steed!

## THOMPSON STREET

QUEEN of all streets, Fifth Avenue  
Stretches her slender limbs  
From the great Arch of Triumph, on,—  
On, where the distance dims

The splendours of her jewelled robes,  
Her granite draperies;  
The magic, sunset-smitten walls  
That veil her marble knees;

For ninety squares she lies a queen,  
Superb, bare, unashamed,  
Yielding her beauty scornfully  
To worshippers unnamed.

But at her feet her sister glows,  
A daughter of the South:  
Squalid, immeasurably mean,—  
But O! her hot, sweet mouth!

My Thompson Street! A Tuscan girl,  
Hot with life's wildest blood;

THOMPSON STREET (*Continued*)

Her black shawl on her black, black hair,  
Her brown feet stained with mud;

A scarlet blossom at her lips,  
A new babe at her breast;  
A singer at a wine-shop door,  
(Her lover unconfessed).

Listen! A hurdy-gurdy plays  
Now alien melodies:  
She smiles; she cannot quite forget  
The mother overseas!

## THE MOTHER

SHE had a little baby when she first became a wife,  
A tiny child she never saw on earth—  
While she was still unconscious from the fever of  
    that strife,  
It died . . . it died an hour from its birth;

She never saw that daughter who was gone before  
    she woke  
(It must have seemed almost too small for  
    Death . . . )  
But often she has wakened since and thought her  
    baby spoke,  
And felt upon her cheek that tiny breath;

She sometimes cries, alone at night . . . silly  
    enough of her,  
(No one but you will ever understand!)  
But oh, it was so many days she felt her baby stir,  
And, in the nights . . . how many things she  
    planned!

## THE BONDWOMAN

THEN why should she complain?  
She *chooses* this—the hardship and the pain,  
The unrelieved, unbeautiful, dull train  
Of services to others; hand and brain  
Outwearied with the drudgery of earth.  
Then why should she be angry at my mirth?  
At me, who have been idle from my birth,  
Whose unearned plenty mocks her unpaid worth?

I choose to do with nothing wearisome;  
I choose to feast, to toss to her no crumb;  
I choose to sing, when she, from toil, is dumb;  
I spend her life for warmth, when she is numb;  
I spend her toil for pleasure, choosing well  
To make my life a heaven, hers a hell.

Then why should she complain?  
She knows her life has in it nothing vain,  
And that before the throne where Right must  
    reign,



THE BONDWOMAN (*Continued*)

Justice shall her great recompense constrain.  
Then shall I not at last know her disdain?

Not so, this woman: in Heaven's garden-close  
She'll weep, remembering the path I chose.

### FLOWER-GIRL

ONE night, when none you knew was near you,  
In a strange city built of brick and stone,  
You, in your loneliness, thought none could hear  
you,  
And wept . . . alone.

Your flowers, that seemed to you so pleading,  
Faded, unsold, upon your narrow bed;  
The city scorned them; and your heart was bleed-  
ing,  
And hope lay dead.

But I, whose love for you had semblance  
To yours for each wan flower and drooping  
sheaf,  
Heard all your tears; and from them my remem-  
brance  
Has no relief.

FLOWER-GIRL (*Continued*)

You were so faint, and life so cruel to you!

And though your lips are smiling now in sleep,

I cannot see why any one who knew you

Should let you weep!

## NURSERY JINGLE

*[A young waitress was sent to the Tombs prison for stealing three silver mesh purses and two gold tie clasps. Magistrate Blank said: "Look at the woman and look at her finery! It is quite surprising how none of these women steals anything that is a necessity of life—they always steal some personal adornment."—Daily papers.]*

*I hold no brief for thug or thief  
(Though they're much like me and you),  
But there's no relief from the world-old grief  
Of "One plus One is Two!"*

Yes, One plus One is fact, not fun,  
It's neither more nor less;  
Who cares if it's true that the lads leave you  
To follow a flaunting dress?  
For Wealth is mine and Love is hers,  
And neither belongs to you;  
And ours is the right to keep our delight  
And leave nothing for you when we're through.

Who cares if the one wild passion run  
To feel the dizzying breath

NURSERY JINGLE (*Continued*)

Of the world's red lips on your finger tips?

Can a soul be starved to death?

Ah, we *add* each Fact, but never *subtract*,

For if once such a thing were begun,

Just think of the greed We would have to feed!

(A soul doesn't need any sun.)

And all of this seems but the crazy dreams

Of the girl who stood in court

And dully heard the Judge's word:

"You are all alike, your sort!

You were clothed; you were fed, on wheaten  
bread,

You'd have scorned to ask for a meal,

You had nothing to do when your day was  
through,

And yet you chose—to steal!

One might forgive if you stole to live,

For the body is worth its cost,

But *you* only stole to feed your soul,

And who cares . . ." The ending is lost.

*I hold no brief for thug or thief*

*(Though they're much like me and you),*

*But there's no relief from the world-old grief*

*Of One plus One is Two!*

INDEPENDENCE HALL: 1915

THERE is an old, old city  
Beside the Delaware,  
Whose life flows 'round the cloister  
Called Independence Square;

Beneath the cool green arches  
Reared by its quiet trees,  
Through all the long hot summer  
There runs a little breeze:

A breath of air, that rises  
And dies away again,  
As fleeting as the longings  
Of tired workingmen,

Who sit there on the benches,  
Too tired to move or laugh,  
With eyes fixed on Old Glory,  
Drooping from its tall staff.

INDEPENDENCE HALL: 1915 (*Continued*)

And these men talk together  
About the shady Square,  
And wonder why that building  
Should still be standing there.

DREAMERS

O LITTLE naked room wherein  
Our work-day life is spent,  
When will you cease to hem us in,  
And leave the sky our tent?



## THE DRUM

THIS is the heady drum  
Quenched in a long-past battle;  
No more in years to come  
Will sound its thump and rattle.

But from its shattered head  
There sounds the undying story  
Of those heroic dead  
Whom the drum led to glory:

"A boy—too young to bear  
A musket with the others,  
Still firmly bound to share  
A service like his brother's—

Bore me, the voice of war,  
From his New England village,  
And, marching on before,  
Sowed fields for war's red tillage.

THE DRUM (*Continued*)

“His very life he gave,  
So dear was freedom to him;  
Forget ye not the brave,  
And the thrill running through him!”

Sons! look on this dead drum,  
See what Peace cannot show you  
In all your years to come,  
Or wheresoever go you:

There see the Heart of Man—  
War, only, naked shows it;  
Yea, in awed silence scan  
The grim war-drum that knows it!

This is the heart of fire  
That burst with its hot beating,  
The voice that called my sire  
To war without retreating;

This is the parchment throat  
Choked with its own hot clangour;  
Whose last long-throbbing note  
Broke in its bitter anger;

THE DRUM (*Continued*)

This is life's hottest vein,  
Cooled by its own blood's bursting;  
To slake those yet unslain  
In Freedom's quenchless thirsting!

## EASTER, 1917

ON Good Friday this was done:  
A nation, silent, raised the sword  
And kissed its blade; while tears welled slowly.

Good Friday! Day held ever holy  
Since One who had no fear of death,  
No part with hate; who drew no breath  
That was not drawn for others' sake,  
Suffered Himself to be, by men,  
Driv'n into darkness past our ken.

Good Friday! Those who seemed to see  
In that day's tale a mockery  
Of all we vowed in other years,  
In many a church, at many an altar;  
Who said greed, only, made us palter;  
Who wait To-morrow with black fears  
For all the hard won heights whereon  
Sight may be had of nobler dawn—

To-morrow, from the sepulchre  
Scented with sorrow's costly myrrh,

EASTER, 1917 (*Continued*)

A mightier force than theirs shall shake  
Old wall to dust! *Right shall awake.*

For, in the souls of men shall gleam  
Memories of you who kill your dream  
Of selfish lives—of you, who give  
Your lives for those who *fear to live.*

Why seek the living among dead?  
Look to To-morrow, whose bright head  
Is clothed in lightnings! *He* shall speak  
The word for which you vainly seek:  
“Only him crucified shall rise—  
He clearliest sees who gladliest dies!”

Good Friday! In the sweet, clear light  
Of Easter morning, see aright  
The meaning of the challenging:  
“A sword, not peace, to you I bring!”

*These* dare the tomb—  
And light bursts brighter from the darkness’  
womb.

## VICTORY?

WE that are weak are lonelier to-night:  
For all the learned,  
The men of knowledge, those who might  
Have warmed the world's worn heart, have turned  
To unenduring things . . .  
And those who yearned  
For God's great gift of vision and the wings  
Of mighty truth have each one spurned  
The upward-climbing path that leads  
To happy upland meads;  
Their hearts—not dead nor living, that once  
    burned  
With a false fire—are cold.  
*Do they forget the meek?*  
Shall they, who might be bold  
To stoop and gather all the poor and old  
In an immortal happiness, be weak?  
O ye who are endowed  
Beyond us who are frail,  
Whose hands cannot avail,  
God calleth you aloud

VICTORY? (*Continued*)

Through his innumerable peoples' prayer!  
Shall they that dare the skull-marked desert trail,  
To reach the promised well, find no fresh water  
there?

## TO-MORROW'S WAR

IN the cold, wet, and moaning night  
I left my home, its warmth, its light,  
To pace alone through many a dark and silent  
street:

The old, cold blood of many kings long dead,  
The heavy lips of many souls long fled,  
Seemed pressing down upon me like a winding-  
sheet.

I left my home, its warmth, its light,  
Its half-read tale of ancient fight,  
(The battle's blows, its shocks, its tumult in my  
brain  
All quenched at leaving, like a wind-blown lamp),  
And the night wrapped me in its mantle damp,  
And mourned around me with its cold and fitful  
rain.

But the dawn's breath sang keener songs:  
Of battle with to-morrow's wrongs,  
And the wild north-wind stung my cheek until it  
burned,



TO-MORROW'S WAR (*Continued*)

As though to wake me to its minstrelsy  
Of deeds and blood-wrought justice yet to be . . .  
And fresher air with the unconquered morn re-  
turned.

## THE HOLY WAR

*In garments old,  
By a great river,  
Its dreamer trolled  
(His heart a-quiver),  
"In a high street  
Of the great town,  
The people meet,  
The rich folk frown,  
The rabble presses,  
The children shout;  
In costlier dresses  
Goes the gay rout;  
The wind is cold,  
The poor folk shiver  
In garments old,  
By the great River!*

*"In a high street  
Of the great town,  
The church bell sweet  
Sends rolling down  
A thundering chime,  
To make thrones tremble . . .  
Is it not time  
Ye men assemble?  
O wondrous sea  
Of human hearts,  
Lift me on thee  
Till fear departs!  
Hers all the gold  
I have to give her:  
Your city old,  
By the great River!"*

How blindly have you lived, my lords,  
That now you blink at flashing swords?  
Why whisper to your neighbour there,  
"What war is this, and why, and where?  
Of wars *I* have had word of none,  
Yet speaks this troop a bloody one!

THE HOLY WAR (*Continued*)

Who are these men that break our ease  
With scars of fighting overseas?"

These are the men who gave up all  
(And some were born to a princely hall,  
And some were snug in their rags as you)  
To venture their lives as nobles do,  
In the utmost service of the King,  
And this is their mighty marshalling!  
Ah, little did *you*, blind and dull,  
Think *these* would e'er be worshipful!  
You curled your lip in days gone by  
At the poor fools who went to die  
For sorry wage and strange reward:  
Warrant to serve a pauper Lord!  
And stranger still their long campaign:  
Theirs is no war for earthly gain,  
But, facing a fearful enemy,  
They die that others may be free;  
By faith subduing earthly wrong;  
By faith they toil and suffer long,  
Enduring mockings, and the scourge,  
And prison bonds; these only urge  
Their spirits to more splendid deeds

THE HOLY WAR (*Continued*)

Along the way their Captain leads!  
Whence came such pain-despising love?  
How great of soul, how much above  
Our common life, how deep our debt,  
Only in vision can be set.  
Yes, more than conquerors are they,  
For their great King himself shall say  
That neither depth, nor height, nor death,  
Nor life, nor any mortal breath,  
Nor present things, nor things above,  
Shall separate them from His love!

What is this glorious company?  
What radiant troop is this you see?

These are the men of holy wars,  
Their armour dented, their many scars  
Dreadful to see; their clothing worn,  
Their faces haggard, their banners torn,  
Their numbers few—but, oh, what fire  
Burns in their eyes! How like a choir  
That chanteth a glorious minster-song,  
Their battle hymn as they stride along!  
They *cannot* die! but, living yet,

THE HOLY WAR (*Continued*)

While tears make happy eyelids wet,  
Forward they surge, a mighty band,  
And, dying, live . . . and, falling, stand!

## SARRÁN

SARRÁN, the music master,  
Has gone beyond the sea;  
His journeyings are vaster  
Than guessed by you or me . . .  
We knew his heart was broken,  
Though *why* we did not know—  
Sarrán, what word was spoken,  
That made you smile and go?  
  
Beyond the wine-dark mountains,  
Beyond the violet sea,  
Beyond the silver fountains  
Of purple Castaly,  
Beyond the reach of vision,  
(O matchless melody!)  
He hears the harps Elysian  
Of a lost eternity!  
  
On earth he might not listen,  
On earth he might hear not;  
On earth no tears might glisten  
Within his eyelids hot;

SARRÁN (*Continued*)

On earth he knew no fountains  
    (Nor ever might he know),  
But past the wine-dark mountains  
    The singing waters flow.

Redeem his ancient honor,  
    Redeem it with a song;  
Redeem it, you who won her  
    And left him only wrong;  
Redeem it, dole thus flinging,  
    (He will not thank you now),  
He hears alone *her* singing . . .  
    (Her soul alone knows how).

Beyond the sunrise mountains,  
    Beyond the sun-swept sea,  
Beyond the deathless fountains  
    Of laughing Castaly,  
Beyond the reach of vision,  
    (O matchless melody!)  
He hears the harps Elysian  
    Of a lost eternity.

REVEILLÉ

DREAM, dreamer, until life  
Her outworn self renews,  
Dream, while the silver moon  
Rains down her magic dew;  
Dream for the weary earth  
All happy things to do—  
But, when you wake this morn,  
O make your dream come true!

















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 940 514 A